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MY HEART AND I.

JOSEPHINE HOLLY SCHOFIELD.



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BY

JOSEPHINE HOLLY SCHOFIELD

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MY HEART AND I.

We've traveled many a weary day,
My heart and I together,
With care and trouble for company,
In bleak and stormy weather.

But oh, the days of the sunny skies!
And days of lilting measure!
When we danced along in glee and song,
With joy, and hope, and pleasure!

Then why, dear heart, should we ever fret?
Or ever give way to gloom?
For you and I can never be laid
In the cold and silent tomb.

When this poor body is laid away
From the scenes we fondly love,
On pinions of light we'll take our flight
To happier realms above.

For the things of earth will pass away,
But love and faith, oh, never!
You, dear heart, and I, will journey on,
In "pastures green" forever.

THUS FAR.

Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther,
Was said of the encroaching sea,
And of the material things of earth,
But not of immortal Me.

I sail on the wings of my desire,
No king can say me nay;
I wander still, at my own sweet will,
And none may bid me stay.

I sail on the wings of the morning,
To greet the coming day.
The zephyrs bright I hail with delight
As they pass along my way.

I travel the earth with joy and mirth,
And pluck the fairest flowers;
I do not stop for the raging storm,
Nor heed the passing hours.

I sail to India's coral strand—
On to the Aegean sea.
I feast with poets of the past,
And join their revelry.

I wing my flight, by day or night,
Where'er I choose to go;
I've triumphed over sea and sky,
And all things here below.

But when I soar to realms above,
Ah! then I hesitate;
My soul stands naked and ashamed
Before the crystal gate.

Alone I am, and desolate;
In all my shame and sin;
No flow'ry speech, I only plead,
Dear Lord, Oh, take me in!

FOREVER, AND IMMORTALITY.

Have you thought of that word, forever—
What it means to you and to me?
And of the one that is as grand, or
Grander, great Immortality?

They're as wide and deep as the boundless sea,
But oh! what they mean to you and to me.

Then let us go and ponder—
Try to search their mystery.
They'll haunt our souls, those baffling words,
Through all eternity.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

My little one strayed away one day,
Filling my heart with a wild dismay;
I thought of the stream—its shifting sand,
The lure of its song, like beck'ning hand.

Then I thought of God's omnipotence,
And I questioned His benevolence.
Oh, we of little faith, and needless care,
His love is about us ev'rywhere.

Whether we go, or whether we stay,
His mercy compasses all the way;
He turns to good the seeming evil
At which we doubt, and fret, and cavil.

He tunes the harps of revelry
Into the sweetest melody;
And in the place of black despair,
The star of hope is shining there.

He turned the siren's luring lie
Into a crooning lullaby;
The murm'ring stream of azure deep
Had sweetly sung my child asleep!

LABOR VERSUS PLEASURE.

Oh, Heart of youth ! don't hurry pleasure,
That's not the way to find a treasure.
The nugget of gold was never found,
Loose and easy, on top of the ground.

The duties of life you cannot shirk,
The sweetest rest comes after the work.
Ploughed, harrowed and sowed must be the field
Before a rich harvest it will yield.

Kissed by the sunshine, wrapped in the dew,
The fruit is rip'ning the summer through.
The flower must bud, and blossom, too,
Before its sweetness can come to you.

Of base alloy, and goodly treasure,
There's some of each in ev'ry measure ;
But first you must wash and sift the ground
Before the glittering gold is found.

FAIR JERUSALEM.

I had no peace nor quiet,
For I was sore oppressed;
My heart was filled with longings,
My soul with wild unrest.

I questioned everything;
I could not understand
How God could hold the universe
"In the hollow of His hand."

The Lord—so high and mighty!
And we so very small—
How could He help, and succor,
Or even sense us all?

Care for the sparrow? Not He!
I saw its bloody fall;
I saw grim Death a-stalking,
And lording over all.

A spirit voice, insistent,
Seemed calling from the wood;
I listened to its pleadings,
And then I understood.

My shreds of doubt fell from me,
I knelt upon the sod,
And there, in sweet abasement,
I gave myself to God.

I rest in blissful quiet,
No floods nor tide to stem;
My windows all are open,
Toward fair Jerusalem.

COMPENSATION.

There's a joy for ev'ry sorrow,
A balm for ev'ry pain,
A silver lining to each cloud,
After the drenching rain.

There is always a glad tomorrow,
For the sadness of to-day;
A vict'ry bright for those in the right,
Engaged in the bloody fray.

For every trouble
There's always a bubble,
That takes on rainbow hues;
For the thirsty flower
Always a shower,
And cool and refreshing dews.

There's ever a ray of sunshine
To penetrate the gloom,
And always there's a Paradise
Beyond the dreaded tomb.

THE COMMONPLACE.

I had an aspiration,
It towered to the sky,
To sally forth to conquer,
To dare—to do—to die.

My heart it filled with pity,
For, searching all around,
One poor, decrepit talent
Was all of worth I found.

I felt that it was useless ;
I wrapped it safe away ;
I knew it had not courage
To bear the light of day.

Yet we should brood and strengthen
The little, struggling things,
And send them forth, rejoicing,
On swiftly-mounting wings.

This truth we all must harbor,
Winning along the race,
That the sweetest things of life
Are of the commonplace.

THE COMPLEMENT.

I dwelt in a marble palace ;
It must have been I dreamed ;
I did not know the difference,
So true and real it seemed.

I was served with royal splendor ;
Did I but lift my hand,
A thousand minions, more or less,
Obeyed my least command.

But I missed my dear companions,
Their greetings wondrous sweet,
The lure of their happy voices,
Their eager, dancing feet.

I missed my daily household tasks,
The hours of rest between,
The friendly call, the pleasant walk
Through daisied fields of green.

Oh, labor is our heritage,
'Tis work that sweetens rest ;
It gives to all the joys of earth,
A pungent, healthy zest.

Of toil and pleasure, some of each,
We equally must share ;
There's never happiness without
Its complement of care.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

My love he sailed away one day,
I saw the gallant mast;
The ship was straining every nerve,
The sails were filling fast.

Oh, my heart will break for love's sweet sake,
My eyes will dim with sorrow;
But hope will sing, and joy-bells ring,
All in the bright to-morrow.

Blow, ye winds; Blow, gentle gales!
Speed the ship, and fill the sails!
Be merciful, oh, treach'rous sea,
And bring my true love back to me.

But men are sailing far away,
And leaving true hearts ev'ry day;
And some return the wide seas o'er,
But there are some who come no more.

Then hearts will break for love's sweet sake,
And eyes grow dim with sorrow;
Hope cannot sing, nor joy bells ring—
There is no bright to-morrow.

For waters are wide, and graves are deep,
And for those who watch there's little sleep;
The harbor is calm on heaven's shore,
But those who stop can return no more.

Then hearts will break for love's sweet sake,
And tears will drown the laughter;
But hope will sing, and joy bells ring,
All in that bright Hereafter.

THE CLARION CALL.

There are wrongs to fight in this world of ours,
There are foes to meet at bay;
There's always a wrong somewhere to fight,
There's a wrong to fight to-day.

Then up and away, at the break of day,
And gird your armor strong!
You'll win in the fight if you're in the right,
And take your faith along.

Oh, do not idle your time away,
The world is calling on you today;
The race is open, and free to all—
Then heed, oh heed, the clarion call!

GRACE

Laughing, dancing, witching Grace!
Fair of form, and sweet of face!
Starry eyes, and rippling hair!
Here, there, and everywhere!
If half your dreams of life come true,
That's the best I could wish for you!

PEACE! BE STILL!

What if my limbs be manacled?
My soul is free to roam;
Where'er it finds a beauty spot
It makes itself a home.

It spreads its wings, and soars away,
To mountain heights sublime;
It heeds not bolts nor iron bars,
Nor marks the flight of time.

It brings to me the rapt'rous strains
Of earth, and sky, and sea;
Its strings are tuned in sweet accord
With Nature's minstrelsy.

And so I sit in quietude
And wait the Master's will;
I do not fear the stormy wave,
I hear His voice: "Be still."

ESTHER, RUTH, MARGARET AND ELIZABETH THE "WINSOME SISTERS."

So loving, tender, kind and true!
Heaven's best gifts will come to you.
Your sweetest happiness is found
In doing best your duty.
Your hearts will reap the rich reward,
Your lives will glow with beauty.

THE MORNING STAR.

Pin your faith to the Morning Star,
Never falter in your trust;
Though the odds appear against you,
Press on, or die if you must.

Others will come to fill the ranks,
And carry the truth along,
With feet as eager, and hopes as high,
And hearts as brave and as strong.

Oh, how blinded we must be,
Or we could plainly see
The host that's fighting with us,
In heaven's panoply.

Then shout your glad hosannas,
Take courage as you go.
A brave heart, and a true heart,
Will vanquish any foe.

WITH NATURE.

I know a bank where gentians bloom,
In cool and shady places;
Where sweet hepaticas uplift
Their bright and winsome faces.

I found a bed of velvet moss,
 Bedecked with flow'ring grasses,
Where one could rest and be caressed
 By ev'ry breeze that passes.

I walked the verdant, lofty aisles
 Of Nature's great Cathedral;
The birds interpreted for me
 The bright illumined missal.

Oh! Nature has a kindly mood
 For ev'ry care and sorrow;
She heals and cures, and gives us strength
 For added cares to-morrow.

And when the soul is bowed with grief,
 And all too sorely stricken,
She drops a tear and mourns with us,
 And points the way to heaven.

CONCHA.

Ah, maiden dear, your witching art
Has reached the portals of my heart,
And ev'ry sweet, enchanting strain
Is echoing o'er and o'er again.

Ah! those endearing notes that flow
Under the rhythm of your bow,
Picturing mountain, sea and sky,
A lover's tryst, a lullaby.

I've been wond'ring if up above
I still would hear those notes of love;
If one bright wish to me be given
'T would be to hear those strains in heaven.

FELLOWSHIP.

Fill your souls with sweet content,
With love, and joy, and gladness—
Ev'ry virtue you can find—
But leave out gloom and sadness.

Peace and joy are kindly things,
But hate and rage, oh, never!
Pray to God on bended knees
From these base things to sever.

Follow Nature's wondrous art,
Eliminating sorrow;
Fill the measure of to-day
And do not fear to-morrow.

The birds serenely build their nests,
They do not chafe or hurry,
Trusting outright in Providence,
They neither fret nor worry.

Oh, we of little faith and trust!
We do not seem to know
That from the hand of Providence
Unnumbered blessings flow.

The bud of love is sweet and pure,
Bloss'ming into beauty;
Its petals, bright with radiant light,
Illume the path of duty.

Oh, give the hand of fellowship
To every soul on earth,
For our own God, Himself, it was
Who gave our souls their birth.

We each must have some saving grace,
Some little spark divine,
That could be fanned into a flame
With heav'nly light to shine.

SPRING CLEANING.

We must be up and at it,
There's work for me and you;
We can no longer idle,
There's much for us to do.

Oh, how the rubbish gathers,
In corners of the mind!
There's not one pearl of value
That we can even find.

'Tis hard from some to sever,
But when you are in doubt

Just sweep 'em all together
And throw the whole thing out.

Fling all your shutters open
And let the sunlight in ;
The sweetest airs of heaven
Are there to enter in.

And meadow larks and robins,
Will flutter in and out,
To look up nesting places
And see what you're about.

Oh, sweet it is to wander,
In galleries of art,
Sweeter yet to stroll amid
The archives of the heart.

Then open your windows wider,
And let the sunbeams play ;
Care and trouble will scurry out,
But joy will come to stay.

ON THE HEIGHTS.

I stood upon a mountain height,
Heaven seemed very near ;
The bending skies—how low they dipped,
As if my soul to cheer !

I saw the gates of Paradise,
Its city, wondrous fair,
Its white-winged clouds—how near they sailed,
As if to take me there!

And then I looked so far below,
And all was woe and sadness;
The earth was wrapped in deepest gloom,
I saw no joy, nor gladness.

For death had entered ev'ry door,
In hut and palace rare,
In lordly hall, in lowly home,
There stood the vacant chair.

And ev'ry heart showed gaping wounds,
And ev'ry eye a tear;
For Death, who "loves a shining mark,"
Had snatched their loved ones dear.

Oh, cruel world! oh, heartless world!
Oh, vain and empty cheat!
All human souls are born in pain—
Is there no safe retreat?

Is there no cure for grief and woe?
No balm for tort'ring pain?
In deepest anguish asked my soul—
Oh, did it ask in vain?

And by my side an angel stood,
 Arrayed in shining white,
Mine eyes to glory all unused
 Could scarcely bear the sight.

“Oh, Heart!” he said, “So fond to-day,
 So sad and lone to-morrow,
You would not call your dear one back
 To earth and all its sorrow?”

“Go back to earth, unhappy soul,
 And cease your useless grieving;
'Twere better far to spend your time
 In faults and sins retrieving;

“In soothing other wounded hearts,
 And curing all their sorrow,
And, though the clouds o’ercast to-day,
 The sun will shine to-morrow.

“And from your deeds of heartfelt love,
 And by each wise endeavor,
The wintry skies will soon give place
 To joyous summer weather.

“The dear Lord then will lead you up
 In paths of heav’nly light,
Till you shall stand, redeemed at last,
 On His most holy height.”

TO MY LITTLE ONES.

Oh, my darling little blue-eyes!
Why do you look so wondrous wise?
What is in you, you witching thing,
That makes you crow and laugh and sing?

Answer me, now, these questions, pray—
Why is it darkest just before day?
Why is a crown so hard to win?
Why do we e'er commit a sin?

Why wouldn't Washington tell a lie?
When we're happy, why do we cry?
Are things ever bright as they seem?
Is this earth-life only a dream?

Nay, do not turn your head away,
But answer me these questions, pray.

Now you're nodding your little head—
Yes, I see, it is time for bed.
Now your eyelids are dropping low,
And I will rock my baby, so.

Now you're away in realms above,
Guarded and tended by One who loves
All the dear babes He sends below
To aching hearts who love them so.

I thank the dear Lord ev'ry hour
For giving me so sweet a flower;
And I will ever hold it dear—
I may not always have it here.

MORNING AND NIGHT ON THE WISCONSIN RIVER.

MORNING:

Through golden gates in the East away,
With royal tread, comes the King of Day;
Slowly ascending the heav'nly stair,
A wondrous radiance fills the air.

Blushing with beauty, dew-dropped like tears,
Tipped with gold the sweet valley appears;
Not far to the north, on beaten track,
Lie "Black Hawk's Cave" and "Elephant's Back."

While far to the west, with summits blue,
"McCune" and "Haystack" rise to the view;
And all along, like gems between,
Are fields and groves of living green.

And winding river, whose murmuring sound
Thrills with the beauty that's spread around;
And over all a bewitching spell—
But why it is so, oh, can you tell?

The fringe tree greets the day so fair,
Shaking the dew from tangled hair;
The harebells doff their pale blue dresses,
And fling to the breeze rippling tresses.

The rosebud bursts its covering green,
And blushes to find itself a queen;

The poppy uplifts its drowsy head
And lazily dons a gown of red.

The robin comes from his leafy nest,
Gayly arrayed in his scarlet vest,
Then flying out on a swaying limb,
He joyously sings his morning hymn.

Up through the air the lark is soaring,
Trilling far back a sweet "Good Morning."

NIGHT:

Wondrous and lovely! with tranquil light,
Rises in silence the Queen of Night;
She spreads o'er the earth a silv'ry veil,
She sweeps through the sky with starry trail.

Accomp'nied sweet by murmuring rill
Is the tender strain of whip-poor-will;
As the length'ning shadows slowly creep,
Birds and flowers fall sweetly asleep.

Orion steps forth in heav'nly light,
And bids us all a tender "Good Night."

A SONG OF DOUBT.

Why do the shadows darkly fall?
Why do they ever come at all?
Can we not have one throb of joy?
Untainted by some base alloy?

Must ev'ry pleasure and ev'ry gain
Be followed close by torturing pain?
And must each turn in life's sad way
Be hard beset by foes at bay?

Before we e'er a crown can win,
Must we be tempted oft by sin?
In anguish must the soul be bowed
To find the shine to ev'ry cloud?

If hungry we, earth gives a stone.
Oh, can we live by faith alone?
Do care and sorrow, only, tend
To safely lead to Thy great end?

Must every vict'ry be sore-pressed
Before we hear, "Beloved, Rest"?
And must we wade through waters deep
Before our eyes can close in sleep?

And when we reach the heav'nly shore,
Will earth's sad troubles come no more?
Will grief and care, and sore dismay,
Like Christian's burden, fall away?

THE MASTER WALKED MY GARDEN THROUGH.

I had a garden, bright with flowers,
Wherein I spent delightful hours,
For there were buds of every hue,
But only one of heavenly blue.

I gave to it the utmost care—
It was so very, very fair;
I watered it with all my tears,
This tender bud of so few years.

The Master walked my garden through,
And plucked my bud of purest blue.

Twilight gathers, and night falls down
Over the houses of the town,
And in the ruddy firelight glow
Dear feet go dancing to and fro.

In mother's arms they're resting now,
While lips are kissing cheek and brow!
So I gathered my little one,
When the cares of the day were done.

The dear head lying on my breast
So stilled my poor heart's wild unrest;
And those warm kisses on my brow—
Just heaven! I can feel them now!

Why did the darkness fall so soon,
Bringing the night before the noon?
And why must I submissive be?
Is there no help for such as me?

And must I kiss the chast'ning rod
Because its blows were dealt by God?
He gave the gift, but can I tell
My heart, so sore, that "It is well"?

I hear a voice ; so sweet, it seems
I must have heard it in my dreams.

"Look up, dear child, with eyes of love ;
I have a garden far above
This dreary world of toil and care—
Your dear one is transplanted there.

"Oh, heart so fond ! Can you not see
Your child is saved from misery?
From grief and care, and want and pain?
That your great loss is his sweet gain?

"O, doubting heart, do you not know
That God in mercy dealt the blow?
That all the sorrows sent you here
Blessings bright in heaven appear?

"How could you soothe a saddened heart
Till you, yourself, had felt the smart?
And could your steps in pity go
To darkened hearthstones here below?

"To comfort those who mourn the dead,
If from your own no light had fled?
Then pity and compassion give—
Love, faith and hope—to all who live.

"So by your deeds a light divine
In your own household bright shall shine."

PEACE.

Dear Christ in Heaven! I bow me now,
I kiss the rod that smote my brow.
I know that all this trouble drear
A blessing bright will soon appear

That when I stand on heaven's shore,
And clasp my darling child once more,
Then I shall see that sorrow's smart
But leads us close to Thy great heart.

There's naught in all this world to me
But faith, and hope, and trust in Thee.
Oh! Nothing, nothing do I bring—
Just simply to Thy cross I cling.

TO THE UNRETURNED.

Comrades,
Who sweetly rest beneath the sod,
Who fought for country, home and God,
Here in this hallowed ground to-day
We strew your graves with flowers of May;
And o'er the sad and lowly bier
In pity drop the falling tear.

But for the unreturned dead
Who for their country fought and bled,
Who sleep in lonely Southern land,
Beyond the reach of loving hand,

To these, this tribute fair we bring,
The freshest, sweetest flowers of spring.

And though our eyes with tears are wet,
As sad we wreath the violet,
Yet ev'ry fragrant flower shall prove
An emblem sweet of heavenly love,
And ever in our hearts shall be
Their dear and honored memory.

THE VALE OF WYOMING.

Oh, Vale of Wyoming,
Sweet Valley of Rest!
Dear home of my childhood,
The Land of the Blest!

As I gaze at the scenes on memory's wall,
The Vale of Wyoming seems sweetest of all,
For there my childhood years were spent
In happiness and sweet content.

Each hallowed day is as dear to me
As prayers on beads of rosary.

Oh, Woods of Wyoming, dim and cool,
Where wild flowers bloom round mirrored pool,
And as you press on the fragrant sod
You feel in the presence of your God.

Oh, Hills of Wyoming, whose verdant crest
The billowy clouds so softly caressed,
And up whose sides and rocky steep,
We climbed so oft with eager feet.

To view below in the effulgent light
This vale of Beauty! this Dream of Delight!

But the picture that most my heart enthalls
Is the endearing one of Warsaw Falls;
Set in the heart of an emerald dell,
Sweeter than the flower of Asphodel.

Take the path at the edge of town—
It runs like a ribbon, worn and brown;
Then follow the streamlet's rippling flow
And cross the brook—but look where you go!

Oh, the blue sky arching o'er all!
Oh, the splash of the waterfall!
Leaping, dancing, hurrying away,
Like little children happy with play.

You may travel far 'mid scenes of bliss,
But you'll never find so sweet as this.

Oh, Vale of Wyoming,
Sweet Valley of Rest!
Dear home of my childhood,
The Land of the Blest!

THE AFTERGLOW.

I'm on my way to heaven,
I may be nearly there ;
I catch my feet a-lagging,
I seek my easy chair.

I love my ease and comfort,
I'm tired of din and strife ;
I like the plain and common,
The quietness of life.

I love my southeast windows,
The sun a-pouring in ;
With now and then a comrade
To come a-strolling in.

I love to sing the old songs,
They ring so good and true ;
The hearty clasp of old friends
Is sweeter than the new.

I love the old sweet story
Of Jesus and His love ;
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of unseen things above.

Of all those happy mansions
Along the streets of gold,
Where sorrow never enters,
Within the heav'nly fold.

Now twilight shadows gather,
The sun is sinking low ;
The scenes of earth are fading
Into the afterglow.

THE ROAD OF LIFE.

A wonderful way is the Road of Life,
As it runs through the passing years,
Rising and falling and winding about,
Sometimes in shadow, and sometimes in doubt,
And oftentimes flooded with tears.

Now it runs through the land of content,
And now through a vale of flowers,
Where all the joys and pleasures of life
Are frolicking with the hours.

Now it runs through the realm of dreams,
Where all is bright and fair ;
'Tis here we build in minarets,
Our Castles in the Air.

Now it's climbing a mountain height
Of wondrous purity,
So near it seems to heav'nly dreams,
We pause in ecstasy.

Now it creeps through an arid plain,
Where all is gloom and sadness ;
For here are strewn our fondest hopes,
And all our joy and gladness.

Oh, comrades dear, on the toilsome way,
We are no longer children at play.
Is all life o'er? Nay! not so.
With to-morrow's sun our real life has just begun.

One turn more—and see!
We stand on the shore of eternity.
Now we look back on a shining track
Of loving sacrifice;
'Tis bearing the cross, and drinking the cup,
That wins us Paradise.

CONTENTMENT.

I left my little one at play one day,
But she restless grew, and wandered away,
Wandered away from my sheltering care
Into that beautiful everywhere.

And that is the way we older ones do,
We sigh for the pleasures beyond our view.
We're always thinking that just over there
Everything is beautiful and fair.

But the cup of pleasure soon will pall,
The dregs, we will find, are bitter as gall,
And the flashing lights of the brilliant town
Are but will-o'-the-wisps to drag us down.

Oh, there's sweet content 'round the fireside
hearth,

And there's joy and laughter, and seemly mirth;
The days run along like a sweet old song,
For angelic memories 'round them throng.

We tire soon of the glittering new,
And the hearts that so often ring untrue,
And we long for the peaceful countryside,
For old-time friends, the true and the tried!

I wonder much that we are not content
With the simple joys that heaven has sent;
That we ever go wandering o'er the earth
For treasures that lie at our own dear hearth.

CHARITY.

Open your heart, and purge out
Ev'ry murmur, ev'ry doubt.
Open your heart, free and wide,
And let in the surging tide
Of wrecked humanity.

Open your heart and take them in,
In all their wretchedness and sin.
Cleanse them, feed them, clothe them anew,
Abundant grace will come to you;
For this is Charity.

Strange how little of grace the heart will hold
When filled with the love of silver and gold,
And how wide and expansive it will be
If full to the measure with Charity!

A wondrous power has the leaven of love,
When coming pure from the fountain above;
It transforms the sodden bud of duty
Into a flower of heav'nly beauty.

Then open your heart, but not to sin;
Bid the sweet virtues to enter in.
If to yourself and God you are true,
Sweet peace will come and abide with you.

HOPE.

The world is full of tenderest love,
And full of hope and gladness;
Nature has written on ev'ry page,
Joy is better than sadness.

Then why do we fret? Unhappy souls!
And why give way to sorrow?
The clouds so heavy with rain to-day
Give place to shine to-morrow.

RESIGNATION.

Oh, Christ in heaven, we submit
To all Thou sendest. It is fit
That we should feel the chast'ning rod
That falls in mercy. It is God.
And when we soar beyond the sky,
Then we shall know the reason why.

DUTY.

Duty came to me one day,
And took my hand. But I rebelled,
For Joy was outside.
Duty closed the door: "Here are your tasks."
"When these are done?" I asked—
"Then there are more."
And so all day I toiled, and when
Night had come, my dreams were sweet,
For Duty whispered: "Well done!"
In the dawn of the morning, Joy
Rapped on my window pane; but I said:
"No, Duty—" Lo and behold! Duty was gone,
And the door was open wide.

MEMORIES.

Like phantom ships on ocean's flow,
Come the thoughts of the Long Ago,
Fraught with memories strangely sweet,
Of happy hearts, and dancing feet.

Dear little Paul! with his eyes of blue,
Where all of heaven seemed shining through!
He came to our hearth from far away,
Like a sweet cherub, weary with play.

Or like a bird from the heav'nly nest,
Fluttering in for warmth and for rest,
With folded pinions, till one drear day,
When he spread them wide and sailed away.

Sailed away o'er that mystical sea,
Washing the shore of eternity.

Dear Grace on the borderland stood,
Sweet in the dawn of womanhood;
She, too, crossed to that other shore,
From whence our loved return no more.

And o'er the waste of that boundless sea
Is borne the refrain: E-ter-ni-ty.

MY SWEETHEART LIVES IN LONG BEACH.

My sweetheart lives in Long Beach,
She's all the world to me;
She lives in lovely Long Beach,
In Long Beach-by-the-sea.

And when I go to see her,
We wander hand in hand,
Like happy little children,
Along the glist'ning sand.

We sit and build upon the beach
Most wondrous mansions fair;
We fill them full of mighty deeds—
They're Castles in the Air.

And then we stroll to "Devil's Gate,"
To watch the tide come in;

The gate is closed, the tide is high,
We cannot enter in.

The "Palos Verdes" beckons us
Her fair and shapely hand
She reaches out o'er ocean wave
To shield this goodly land.

Oh, the glory of the sunshine!
The beauty of the sea!
It fills my heart with rapture,
My soul with ecstasy.

For my sweetheart lives in Long Beach,
She's all the world to me;
She lives in beautiful Long Beach,
In Long Beach-by-the-sea.

And when I go to see her,
She fills my heart with glee;
She lives in lovely Long Beach,
In Long Beach-by-the-sea.

HALLIE'S LAMENT.

No more "Californy" for me!
No more mountains and no more sea!
No more everlasting summer
From one year's end to another!

I love the jeweled seasons, all,
Winter and Summer, Spring and Fall.
I love to see the falling snow,
And hear the raging tempest blow!

I love to hear the sleigh-bells jingle!
I love to feel the blood a-tingle,
As merrily o'er the fields we go,
Through deep'ning drifts of wind-swept snow!

And what is there that's any sweeter
Than to sit by the blazing heater
And dream of that land so far away,
The wonderful Californi-a!

IN THAT SWEET LAND OF YESTERDAY.

I have a garden sweet with flowers,
Wherein I spend most blissful hours;
There is no lock nor key within,
Yet none may enter boldly in.

But I have guests who sup with me,
The fairest one is Memory.
Oh, wondrous guest! she takes my hand
She leads me back to Childhood-land.

Oh, magic realm of love and truth!
Of bounding hope, and joy, and youth!
I cannot tear myself away—
I would that I might ever stay
In that sweet Land of Yesterday.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

“AUX ARMES.”

Oh, Comrades Mine, let's cease repining !
Behind the clouds the sun is shining.
We'll launch our boats on the rising tide,
And the gates of heaven will open wide.

Oh, don't you hear the angels singing,
And all the golden harps a-ringing?
And don't you see the white-robed throng
And hear the sweet redemption song?
And rippling waves on golden shore
Softly chanting “Forever more”?

Then up and away while yet 'tis day,
And fling away your sorrow.
On pinions bright we'll wing our flight
To that bless'd land, To-morrow.

JOY AND GRIEF.

Oh, Joy and Grief walk hand in hand,
Like bounding surf on golden sand,
All the marks and cares of the day
By coming tide are washed away.

Joy and Grief are sisters twain,
Like Sunburst, sky, and gentle rain;
Joy goes frolicking all the day,
Grief wipes the falling tears away.

And both our blessings ever are,
Like golden sun, and silver star ;
Each gives its own refulgent light,
One shines by day, and one by night.

Yet Joy and Grief will ever be,
Like Life and Death, a mystery.

DOUBT.

Heard ye the news? It is said
Christ is risen from the dead.
Christ is risen? Nay, not so !
For the world is full of woe.

Full of anguish and distress,
Full of want and wretchedness ;
Think ye not if Christ did know,
He would stem this tide of woe?

Oh ! I'm sure Christ can not see
All this sin and misery ;
Christ alone the world can save,
He lies buried in the grave.

IN MEMORIAM.

Comrades,
We so tenderly have laid to rest,
By every loving honor blest,
By your brave lives so freely given,

We know you have not vainly striven;
By your anguish and your pain,
By your blood not shed in vain,
As these holy mem'ries rise,
Tears unbidden fill the eyes,
And we long to honor those
Who so bravely fought our foes.
So in these courts of hallowed dead,
We come with reverential tread,
And on this blest Memorial Day
We strew their graves with flow'rs of May,
And all our heart's devotion give
Honor and trust to those who live.

But oh, the unreturned dead!
What words of comfort can be said?
How can we also honor those
Who fought as bravely 'gainst our foes?
How can we wreathe and garland o'er
The graves of those on foreign shore?
Alas! in Southern land they lie,
And stranger hands but pass them by.
We cannot strew their graves to-day
With all the sweets of flow'ry May;
We cannot—blessed priv'lege here—
Kneel down beside their lowly bier;
Yet o'er their mounds at early even,
In pity falls the dew of heaven,
And grasses low and daisies sweet
Lovingly twine and o'er them meet.
And in the future's peaceful days
All loyal hearts shall chant their praise.

THE PATH OF LIFE.

The path of life is climb and fall,
Storms there are that come to us all ;
There are also beds of roses,
Where radiant joy reposes.

And many a nook, cool and sweet,
Where we may rest our weary feet ;
Still clouds will shadow part the way,
For we must journey day by day.

And foes will oft beset our path,
With envy, malice, greed and wrath ;
Sometimes the way is wild and steep,
We cannot stop for rest or sleep.

O, that the dangers all were past !
O, for a haven safe at last !
O, for a radiant, peaceful shore,
Where want and trouble come no more !

The only path that's smooth and even,
Lies in the blessed land of heaven ;
To reach that heavenly country fair,
We grief and joy alike must share.

To gain it, every one must go
From heights of bliss to depths of woe,
This is the path the Savior trod,
The only path that leads to God.

SLUMBER SONG.

Sleep! little one, sleep!
Blessed angels hover here—
Christ Himself is drawing near—
He will soothe thee to repose,
Sleep! little one, sleep!

Rest! little one, rest!
Lying on the Father's arm,
Nothing can come near to harm,
He who gave my baby knows.
Rest! little one, rest!

Dream! little one, dream!
All thy cares have flown away,
Night is breaking into day,
Sorrow comes to thee no more.
Dream! little one, dream!

Wake! little one, wake!
Loving ones are round thee now,
Kissing cheek and lip and brow.
O, come back from heaven's shore!
Wake! little one, wake!

ELIZABETH AND DORIS.

The undertone of life is sadness,
But you must make it one of gladness.

You fain must gather while you can,
The joy of life, 'tis but a span.

And this it is your bounden duty,
To grow in grace, as well as beauty.
To add new virtues every day,
As you pass along the King's Highway.
'Tis foolish ever to mourn and sorrow,
If cloudy today, 'twill shine tomorrow.
For clouds and sunshine intertwine,
Like bud and leaf on flow'ring vine.
And as the chords of life you strike,
In one grand anthem, pure and bright,
May no harsh notes sad discord make,
God never meant that you should hate.
One thing of His, your lives should be,
Full of the sweetest melody.
And if on earth no more we greet,
And I first tread the heav'nly street,
I'll surely be upon the strand,
To welcome you to "Beulah Land."

CHRISTMAS TIDE.

"* * * * * In anguish I cried,
Oh! what to me is the Christmas-tide?"
—Valeria Hodges.

A wonderful light filled my room,

Pure and white, like lilies in bloom.

I felt the brush of angels' wings,
The air seemed rife with holy things.

Lo! and behold! my Lord stood there,
Kingly, but Oh! most wondrous fair!

Majestic, still so strangely sweet,
I could have fallen at His feet.

He did not chide, did not upbraid,
And I was wholly unafraid.

He looked, in such kindly fashion,
Full of pity and compassion.

He seemed to say in accents mild,
Trust all to me, dear, grieving child.

I will bear your load of sorrow,
Change your grief, to joy, tomorrow.

Guide you safe o'er sunken reef,
Comfort you in all your grief.

Steer your bark to heaven's bright shore,
Where storm and tempest come no more.

Fling all your doubts and cares away!
See! Night is breaking into Day!

A vision? But I cannot forget,
His gentle presence is with me yet!

EASTER SONG.

Worn and weary, filled with dread,
Sad and hopeless, clouds o'erhead,
I sat me down to mourn.

Suddenly a sunbeam pierced the gloom,
And the song of a lark filled my room;
Rejoice! Rejoice! cried the 'wakened earth;
Behold not death, but glorious birth.

I sprang from out my darkened room,
The earth was filled with beauteous bloom;
All nature cried with exultant voice,
The dead are risen. Rejoice! Rejoice!

WHAT GOD HATH WROUGHT.

Premonition—

What is this that I feel in the air?
Ruin and death, or life and despair?

The Tornado—

Only yesterday?
And yet it seems months, and years,
Since I was bereft;
Wife, child, happiness, all gone,
I alone am left.

Let be! it is my right to mourn,
'Mid the ruins, where I was shorn.
Come! black Despair! and wrap your mantle
Close about me.
Let no one come to me,
For I am disconsolate.

After a lapse of time a shadow is seen vanishing
in the distance. Three bright shapes are hovering
near.

He—

Who is that with garments fluttering in air?
And who are you?

The Shapes—

Why, that is your arch enemy,
Black Despair.
We are your friends, we three,
Faith, Hope and Charity!
He would not let us enter
To comfort you.
But we routed him, we three,
Faith, Hope and Charity!

He—

Ah! How blue the sky is!
How bright the day is!
And how sweet life is!

Quick! Bring me axe, and spade, and shovel,
And I will clear this wreckage away,
And let in the shining light of day.

But I will build me no mean hovel.
I will build a mansion, tall and fair,
With dome, and turret, rising in air;
Every door shall open wide,
To let in the surging tide
 Of wrecked humanity.

Not one poor soul will be turned away,
That has once been beaten in the fray.
Over its entrance, this wondrous thought,
In letters of gold: What God hath wrought.

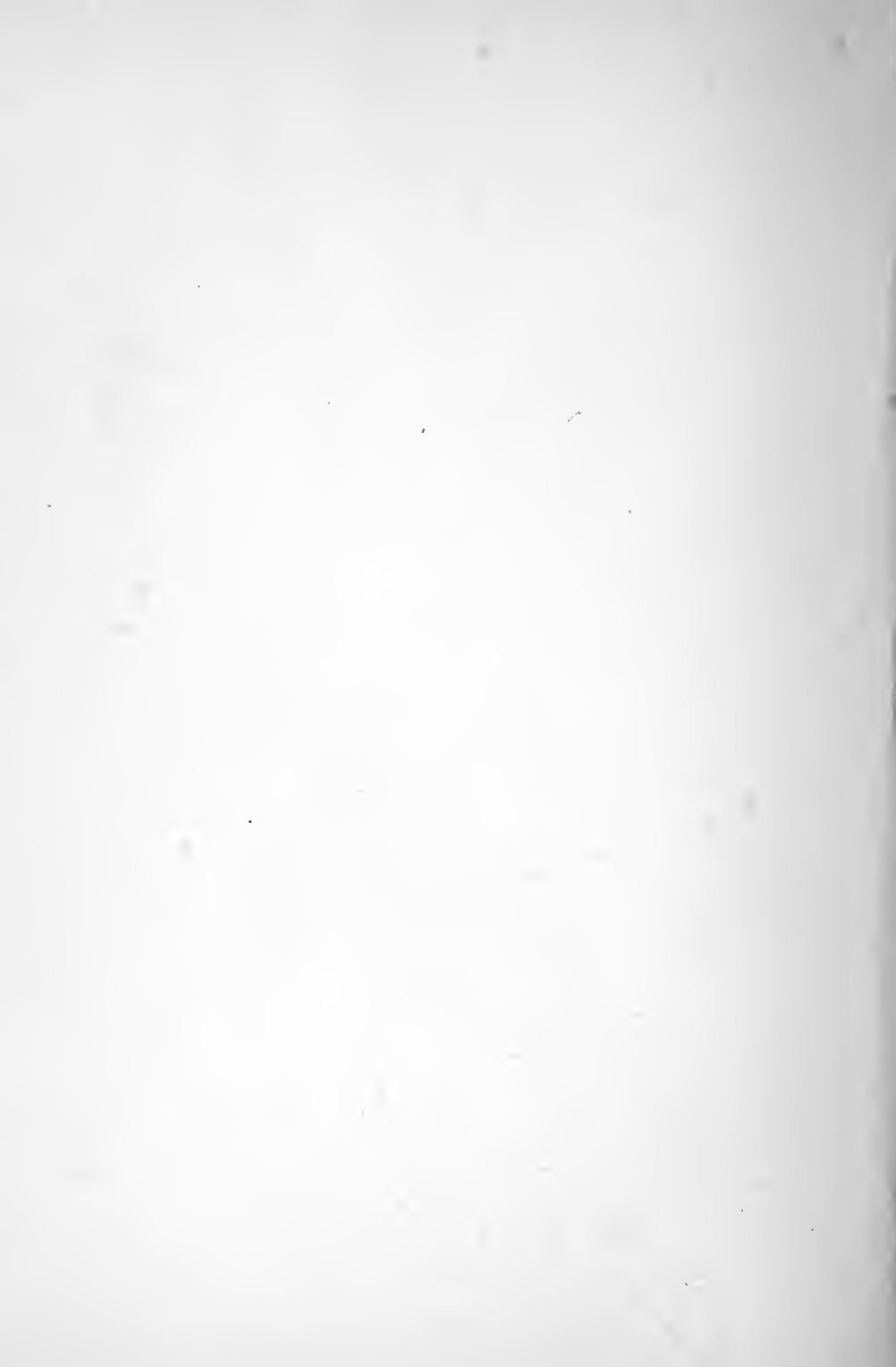
GOD'S TENDER CARE.

Oh, blessed thought! His tender care
Is round about us, ev'rywhere;
Where'er we go by night or day,
His love enfolds us all the way.

He safely leads us with His hand,
Through hidden dangers of the land;
He watches o'er us while we sleep,
Amid the perils of the deep.

Oh, wondrous love! Oh, brooding care!
That thus enwraps us ev'rywhere;
Where'er we journey, day by day,
His presence follows all the way.

Was greater love than this e'er known?
Or greater care than this e'er shown?
If we should praise Him as we go,
We could not pay the debt we owe.





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